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The Dandy--O,

To which is added,

The COLD WINTER,

HUSH CAT,

The BIRKS of INNERMAY.

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HUSH CAT from under the Table.

YOU jolly young Rakes who love
to freak,
To ſport and to play with the girls ſo pri
Attend to my tale, while I ſhall reveal,
A humourous ſonnet both pleaſant a
witty;
It happen'd of late I a ramble did take,
And met with a maid, upon the highway
I addreſs'd her ſoftly, ſhe ſoon did compl
To lie in my arms until break of day,
Huſh ſhe did cry my Mama's hard
Come with me to night you ſhall ha
good quarters,
Lie down very ſnug, like a bug in
rug,
And I will lie by you to tie up m
garters
To Newry I came along with my dam
She went to a lane and I follow'd after,
The old woman ſure ſhe went to the doo
While I on the floor was kiſſing her daught
The cat run about, and made ſuch a rou
While ſhe in ſpout, with a ſtick then d
ſtorm her,
Cups and ſaucers were broke, I laugh'd
the joke,
While the old women groap'd for puſs i
the corner.
Huſh cat come out in a crack,

Huſh cat from under the table;
Huſh cat—I ſmiled at that,
If you had been there you'd laugh
while you're able.
At the dawning of day I ſliped away,
Without any delay I ſet to the road Sir,
To Lurgan I came, and met with a dame,
aſked her name, and place of abode Sir,
had excellent room to wave in her looin,
A girl in full bloom her name it was Nancy,
pleas'd her ſo well that e'er long ſhe did
ſwell,
For I was the lad that could tickle her fancy
When three quarters were gone ſhe
had a young ſon,
Her mother cry'd huſh a-ba! rocking
the cradle,
Huſh cat, ſhe cried at each whack,
That eat the childs pap in under the
table.
Away to Belfaſt then I came at laſt,
And there I did court my old landlady's
daughter,
A comely young girl and fit for an Earl,
So trim and ſo plump made me teeth for to
water;
She ſoon did comply and never ſeem'd ſhy,
Saying fifty good pounds there is left me
to marry,
Now you are the lad that has my maiden-
head,

I'll ſure be a mother if I don't miſcarry:
Huſh puſs come out of the buſh,
Her mother did ſcold and brawl while
able,
And ever ſince that, ſhe never cry'd
ſtop,
But whacking the cat from under the
table.
While ſhe was in this pout, we then
ſliped out,
To a beer houſe hardby where a room we
did cali for,
We there took our ſport and had no reſort,
The old woman ſhe then ſoon followed
after,
And out ſhe did run, in her ſmock to us
come,
In ſuch a ſad fret that I laughed while able,
To ſee the rare fun, while the girl did run,
And cunningly ſlipped in under the table.
Huſh cat get into the ſack,
Huſh my poor puſſy lie ſtill while
you're able;
I thought it no crime to wait for my
time, (table
To ſlip her poor kitten from under the
Her portion I got and it was my lot,
Next day to be married to fair loveiy Nancy
A houſe and good room well furniſh'd ſoon
And three excellent looms which pleaſed
my fancy,

Her time being come ſhe had a brave ſon,
And ſtill at the fun we'd laugh while we're
able,
But it was my Lot, a good fortune I got,
By huſhing the cat from under the table:
Huſh cat be merry and fat,
You ſhall have milk while to take it
you're able;
We laugh at the frolick without ſpleen
or cholick,
At huſhing the cat from under the table

The COLD WINTER.

NOW the Cold Winter comes on,
And fortune looks hard on my ſide
To work at my Trade I have none,
And the beſt of my Friends I have trie
But he that's a friend to himſelf,
Will ſave for a cold Rainy day,
To ſerve him in time of his need,
When his friends are all gone aſtray.
When money and work it comes in,
Then I am as briſk as a Bee,
When I have a ſhilling to ſpend,
My friends will all follow me,
But if ſix pence I have not to ſpend,
Or a ſhilling I cannot borrow,
I may then come back as I went,
Which I very well know to my ſo

If to the Beer-houſe I ſhould go,
Aud ſpend what I've laboured ſor long,
Should I aſk them to truſt me one pot,
Directly the bid me begone,
But if I ſhould owe an old ſcore,
And that I had not money to ſend,
They clap the Bumbailiff to my back,
So a man without money has no friend.

My Breeches is ragged and torn,
My ſtockings hangs down to my ſhoes,
My pockets no money will hold,
For faith I have none for to looſe,
My ſhirt is as black as the d——l,
For want of an induſtrous wife,
And if y. u will help me good fellow,
I will love you all the days of my life.

The DANDY-O.

A Waiter I once was, and I ran up and down,
ith bottles, glaſſes, claret, rum and brandy-O,
ow an officer I'm made, I'll have ſervants of my own—
d among the ladies quite I'll be the Dandy—O.
At dances and concerts the ladies I will court,

With words and looks as ſweet as Sugar-
Candy-O,
And as for fighting duels—Oh! I'll have
charming ſport,
Then—damn me—who but I will be the
Dandy—O!
My cravat it ſticks out juſt like a pi-
geon's breaſt,
My hat ſo ſmart, my ſword's ſo long and
handy-O,
Like a ſheep's tail at each ear, my hair's
compleatly dreſſ'd,
And my military queue is quite the Dan-
dy-O.
And when a great Warrior come home, I
deſign
With Wilkins for to take a nip of brandy-O
Then who knows but in time he'll hang
me up for a ſign,
Then Caleb boy I think you'll be the
Dandy-O.

The BIRKS of INNERMAY.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing
ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble on each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay;
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them employ the hour that flies,

And in ſoft raptures waſte the day,
Amidſt the Birks of Innermay.
Soon wears the ſummer of the year,
And age like winter will appear,
Like this thy lovely bloom will fade,
As that doth ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte for pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters charm no more;
And as they droop, ſo we decay,
Adieu ye Birks of Innermay.

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